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Title: EAR OF ARRICORN

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VOL. III

The lone stranger slowly  
rode into the desolate  
village on the back of his  
mammoth, white hordax.  
As he dismounted his  
beast, he threw the  
leathery reins over the  
closest tie rod, then  
slowly strode to the  
double doors of the  
tavern. Though the tavern  
roared with the laughter  
of drunken herdsman, the  
jovial spirit quickly  
flattened like fresh  
manure thrown against a  
wall. Everyone turned as  
the caped stranger  
entered the smoke filled  
hovel. The darkly robed  
individual motioned with  
two fingers for the  
stiffest grog. The tavern  
master quickly obeyed,  
pouring the thick brew  
with shaky hands. The  
women folk left, claiming  
they needed to visit the  
house of fecal waste.

'ShadowLander!' called a  
nasal tinged voice from  
the rear of the room,  
'Your type are not  
welcomed in this acre of  
the world.' Shortly, a  
path cleared between the  
ShadowLander and the  
owner of the high pitched  
voice. The voice belonged  
a squat little Nabbit. He  
sat with a crooked smile  
on his smiling face while  
his hand played with the  
handle of his jeweled  
dagger-like sword. On his

throat, just above his  
massive goiter, he openly  
wore a staff shaped  
tattoo. Only true  
herdsmen wore these. A  
hush fell over the tavern.  
No one dared to draw  
breath.